A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

By FREDERIC VAN RENSSELAER DEV.

was ready.

that I was correct

"You are fifteen minutes late, Perguson.

called upon Marston Moore one evening at the meaning of his strange words and it was in September, 1888-and quite to manner. I had known Mocre since my my surprise found him in deep dejection, freshman year at college, and our friend-He was a young physician of three or four ship had never faltered sin e that time, now years' practice, but without a care in the twelve years, nor had I ever known him to world that I had ever heard of; certainly he get into a serious scrape. Of the two, I I hastened to overtake himhad no occasion to worry about ordinary was more prone to that sort of think things, for his bank account was among the It was barely 8 o'clock when I left Moore, many thousands. Nevertheless he was so that I had four hours in which to make him out of the conducton he became only I did, first by writing several letters and more morese. His manner was so brusque enclosing them in a big envelope, which I and his replies so monosylable that at last placed conspicuously on the mantel in my I took offense and rose to depart. It was sleeping room, marked: "To be evened and

"Pardon me, old chap," he said, with more turned at 8 o'clock temorrow evening." cordiality than he had yet manifested. "The Then I dated it, so there might be no misfact is I'm in trouble. Somebody has got to take. After that I clothed myself in my help me out and I don't know which way riding suit and boots, buckled my cartridge know where he was going and he led me by

I dropped back into my chair reassured | It was then only 11 o'clock and I passed gently as I could:

"How much is it, Marston?" He looked up quickly and there was a puzeled expression on his face, then he laughed, but it was a mirthless laugh after all.

"It isn't that," he said presently. "I wish it were. Do you think that I would have | When the clock struck 12 I entered the hesitated to apply to you if it were a ques- stable. Moore was awaiting me, impatiently tion of money. No: that is the least of my slashing his boots with his riding whip. worries. It is something of far more importance than that. It is-but I cannot put

aroused and also resenting the idea that he a quarter of 12.

forbidding, loomed the outlines of a house and for some reason the aspect of the whole thing sent an involuntary shudder through me.

While I was intently regarding the house Moore dismounted and, having unbuckled one side of the bridle roin and thus made a halter of it, he tied his horse to a tree. We will have to leave the horses here. Ferguson," he said. "What we have to do

now must be done on foot. Tie your animal and follow me. I acted as hastily as I could, but Moore was already several paces in advance, still

"Don't you think you had better post me a little now, Marston?" I managed to whisper; but the only reply I received was a despondent and when I endeavored to laugh my preparations for the midnight ride, This sharp "Hist!" and somewhat offended I went on after that, silently and doggedly, resolved that I would not ask another question, no matter what happened.

As we drew nearer to the house I saw that directions followed in case I have not re- we were behind it. There was no sign of life visible. Indeed, from appearances, I decided that the place had been deserted a long time. perhaps years, Moore, however, seemed to It is almost too much to ask of belt and revolver around my body and I a detour around the house so that we finally approached it from the front.

Just before we stepped from the concealand after a moment of silence asked as the intervening time in writing more letters, ment of the bushes to approach the door I for Moore's seriousness had impressed me felt my frield's hand upon my arm and strongly and although I could not even con- heard him whisper, very low: "Follow me jecture what might happen, I was thoroughly closely and do exactly as I say. A great imbued with the idea that the experiences deal-our safety-may depend upon it." of the night were not to be child's play. In Then he went ahead.

We stepped upon the rickety porch as lently as we could, but despite our efforts it creaked dismally beneath our combined weight. Then, to my surprise, Moore with the butt of one of his pistols hammered "It is exactly 12," I responded in aston- loudly upon one of the panels of the door you to such a severe test of friendship, old ishment, producing my watch in proof of After the silence that had preceded his act the statement. "I am right on the minute." it seemed to my strained senses as if the "Come, come," I exclaimed, my curiosity | "Are you?"-ironically-"I thought I said noise made by the knocking might have been heard a mile away. Notwithstanding that fact, there was no immediate response, and presently Moore hammered again, this time ouder than before, and the summons had to be repeated the third time before there was anything like a response. Then from beyond the door a masculine voice inquired: "Who

> "Marston Moore," replied my companion a loud tone.

"No: accompanied by a friend."

There followed a moment of silence, and hen the voice beyond the door said: "Why didn't you come alone as you were strangers here; you know that."

I thought I heard Moore swear under his breath, but I was not sure; and then, in tone which there was no mistaking, he shouted:

"Open that door, Madgley, or I'll kick i in, and it won't be a difficult thing to do, either. Open it, and open it quick!" There was another short interval of si lence, and then, rather to my surprise, the door swung slowly back on its hinges. leaving a space of impenetrable blackness in its place. There was not a sign of a human being to be seen. The man who had spoken to us from behind the door had disappeared-or, rather, he did not ap-

Moore immediately passed through the aperture into the darkness, and disappeared, but a second later I heard his

scarcely passed the threshold when strong with unmixed pleasure that I announce the arms seized and pinioned me from behind, completion of your trials and suffering. You blanket was thrown over my head and be- have been tried in the balance and have not fore I could do anything to resist the at- been found wanting in the virtues which tack, I was dragged to the floor and by we require of all candidates. Whoever enmany hands held helpless while others ters here must possess all the qualities bound me. Notwithstanding the struggle which are expressed by the word 'Friend, in which I was engaged, I was conscious which is the most abused and traduced that there was another one near me, and word in our language. Throughout all the believed that Moore had been attacked tests that have been applied to you, you GOOD STORY TOLD BY A FREMONT MAN I thought, "to enter that dark corridor as more can one friend ask of another? You we had done without first taking precau- were willing, at the request of Mr. Moore, Only Chinaman of the Nebraska Town "Well, never mind; you are here now, tions to avoid exactly the thing that had to go blindly into unknown dangers, con-

tent to await an explanation until he chose I called aloud to Moore, but received no to grant one, and you have found here reply; except for the deep breathing of many who stand ready at any moment the men near me, the silence was absolute. to perform the same service for you. And As soon as I was bound so that there now, after some further initiation and inwas no chance for me to escape, my cap- struction, you will have become a member tors raised me from the floor and bore me of the most secret order in the worldaway. I knew that they carried me to and the most magnificent. Even its true the way along that thoroughfare towards the second floor of the building, and name is never mentioned-never uttered presently I was taken into a large room aloud. Mr. Moore will remove the bandage where there was a fire, and in the dim from your eyes and cut the cords that bind some reason I could not succeed. Either his light I could see that the men who had you. After he has craved your pardon for assaulted me were garbed in the now well- the imposition he has practiced upon you

I realized that there would be little or no of this sacred order." hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets. little shead of me, and quite to one side, so use in asking questions and remained sit- That is all. I wish I might tell the that there was no opportunity for conver- ent; nor not one of my captors uttered a rest, but I cannot. word. I looked around as well as I could teenth street crosses the bottom he halted for some sign of Moore, but he was not "Look here, Ferguson," he said, "if you and for the first time seemed disposed to there and if he was I could not discover

> They placed me upon my back on the floor "and we will have to pick our way. It is and the next instant a thick handkerchief rather dark, but I think I can find the of black silk was bandaged around my head, effectually blindfolding me. A moment later Cholera and Diarrhoen Remedy before the "Then you know now where you are I heard them leave the room and I knew that I was alone.

Nearly an hour passed before I again trend of many feet passing near me until it seemed to my strained sense of hearing as if I was in the center of a group that

"Mr. Albert Ferguson, you may thank vourself alone for the inconvenience to which we have been compelled to put you. We had reasons for desiring the presence of your companion, but we have nothing to do with your affairs. If you are willing to return as you came and to pledge yourself to absolute secrecy regarding all that has happened tonight, there is no reason why we should detain you."

"Where is Moore?" I demanded. "Certainly, I am willing to do all you ask, but you must remember that I came here with Marston Moore. If I return as I came I re-

"In this case you will have to return without him." was the stern reply. "Then I'll give you no pledge of secrecy and you know that I would not keep it if made one."

"This is a serious matter, Mr. Ferguson: you had better think twice before you decide. Our business with Moore is our own afficir and his. He knew what he had to expect before he came here and he knew, also, just what dangers threatened you if he brought you with him. He acted the part of a coward in doing so and if you will heed good advice you will have nothing more

"What have you done with him?" was all the reply I made. "We have done with him just exactly as we now propose to do with you, for I see that you are incorrigible. Pick him up, boys. It is a waste of breath to argue with

If I should attempt to describe the experiences through which I passed during every ruse which the ingenuity of the human mind could conceive was forced upon me to induce me in some way to desert t was not so long by far; then we turned progressed and before the proceedings swampy stretch where the grass grew so that it was a ceremony of some kind-it

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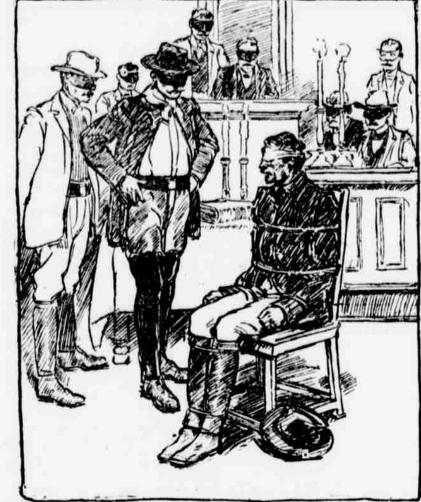
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for him too great for me to stand. "If there your own words." is anything in the world that I can do for you, Marston, you well know that I will be anyway." and he swung himself into the only too glad to do it. Out with it now, saddel, struck his horse a smart clip with

"I cannot tell you all of the horrible story." he replied with marked hesitation, not overtake him until we were at Fif-"If you are willing to go with me you will teenth street, where he held up and walted have to wait until we arrive before you for me. hear all there is to tell."

"Arrive where?" I demanded. "That also is out of my power to state," he responded, "for I do not yet know my-Then he sprang from his chair and For a moment he regarded me with a gaze so intense that involuntarily I turned my eyes away. It was then that he continued: really mean that you will stand by me talk. through this thing you will have to go into it blindly. It is not that I lack confidence in you that I do not tell-you know that,

more explicit." "All right; I'll go it blind, then," I said, trying to laugh, and making a miserable the positions were reversed."

"I am not so sure of that, knowing what I do," he half soliloquized. "It's a great i through alone, let the consequences be what forcing our way through the brush. Keep they may.

"I'll be blowed if you will," I ejaculated, getting upon my feet also and facing him where he stood. "If you are going into any danger where I can be of service or where can help you through, I'm going to do it. don't care a rap what it is. You needn't tell me another word, now or ever, if you don't want to, but go with you I will, and if you still refuse, so help me, I'll trump up some charge and have you arrested so that you cannot go yourself. Now, don't have any more words about it, but tell me at once what I am to do." You're a trump, too, Ferguson!" he ex-

claimed, seizing me by the hand and shaking it heartily, and I noticed that his eyes brightened perceptibly as he did so. "It is worth while having such a friend as you are in an extremity like this one, and I will take you at your word. All that I can say now is this: I must leave here tonight at midnight, and I have an appointment to keep beyond the city limits, but the exact location of the place where I am to meet the parties who expect me has not yet been fixed upon. In fact, I will not know about it until shortly before the time to start We will have to go on horseback, and God alone knows when we will return, if we ever do. Are you still determined to accompany me?"

"More than ever." "Very well. Meet me, then, at Landis stables exactly at 12 o'clock tonight. I will have two good horses in readiness. See that you are well armed, Ferguson. A pair of 'forty-fours' may come in handy before we see the sun of another day-if we are fortunate enough ever to do so."

I clasped his band sileptly, and in silence left him. I was greatly perturbed

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"No, you said 'exactly at 12;' those are

the whip and dashed into the darkness. I was after him on the instant, but did

"We turn here," he said briefly, and led the Blue river valley. I endeavored to get near enough to converse with him, but for with rapid strides crossed and recrossed the horse was unusually fractious, or surreptitiroom several times, at last pausing directly ously Moore kept him excited with the spur. known livery of "white caps." in front of me, with feet wide apart and All the way to the river bottom he kept a sation. Down at the very point where Fif-

"We turn south here, Ferguson," he said, or should-it is because, now, I cannot be place."

going?" I asked. "Yes. There is an old house a mile or failure of it. "You would do it for me if so below here. I am going there. Are your heard a sound, and then it was the stealthy pistols all right?"

"Yes," I replied. "There is an old railroad grade somedeal to ask of any man, especially one's heat where here. It has been abandoned for had formed around me. Then I was startled friend. No. Ferguson, I do not think that I years, but if I can locate it we can follow by a deep voice near me, which said: should accept your offer. I'll see the thing along the top of it. It will be easier than your eyes peeled now and look out that



LL BE BLOWED IF YOU WILL!

you are not brushed off your horse by a low hanging limb, and above all, Ferguson, don't talk. Let us move along as silently

He led the way and I followed, although as we dived deeper into the woods it soon the ensuing hour and a half credulity would became difficult to see him, but I knew that be taxed to the utmost, but it is certain my horse would follow his unerringly, so I abandoned the effort to guide him. It seemed to me that we traveled in that manner more than an hour, though I now know Moore or to deny him. As the veremony down the bank of the old grade, crossed a Fad ocupied above an hour. I had decided high that it caught in my spurs, and pres. dawned upon me, dimly at first, and then ently began the ascent of a steep though with the force of certainty, that I was unshort hill and at the top emerged from the dergoing some sort of initiation; what it woods, but found ourselves at the margin was I could not determine. The real truth of a wilderness of bushes that were not did not once occur to me. quite as high as our heads as we sat upon At last, with the bandage still over my our horses. Coming from the gloom of the eyes. I heard these words: forest behind us the starlit sky-there was "My friend,"-and the voice startled me. no moon-made it seem quite light. Before for I fancied that I recognized it-"it is as 1642.

CIVILIZING OF JO WING FONG on a table to

Proved It by His Works.

Becomes a Naturalized American -Votes for James A. Garfield and "Lepublican Ticket."

"Can a Chinaman ever be civilized?" after the little group in the Broadway hotel had discussed the situation in China on the basis of every rumor that could be remem-

bered. "He can," said, the man from Fremont, Neb., confidently; "he was."

The others waited in the questioning siwent on:

"When he came to Fremont in 1877 he called himself Wing Fong and wore blue and give the alarm. burlap clothes and a pigtail. Inside of a year he had prefixed 'Jo' to his name and fatal before a physician could have reached | Fremont style. I was county clerk in 1880. The town was more or less torn up over the him. He was cured by Chamberlain's Colle, presidential campaign and Jo got to going it strong for 'Glafiel' and-well, I wouldn't doctor arrived. Mr. Phipps is a well known 'Arthur,' with all its r's. At any rate, he a demon.

strolled into my office one day and said: "'Me want votee Glafiel, savee? Makee me Melican man allee same. I gotee tiee dolla: you makee me Melican man." "'Oh,' I said, 'you want to be natural-

ized?" " 'Allee same, allight,' he said; 'bully fo ican man.' lou. You gimme leceipt can vote, I give you tlee dolla."

Echoes of the times before the war still occasionally make themselves heard even in these commaratively remote days. Lucinda Taylor, who was once one of the slaves of Heary Clay, has been sent to the city infirmary of Cincinnati. city infirmary of Chicinnati.

Boston has a floating hospital which makes a daily trip down the harbor with a number of sick women and children. Some of the patients are taken by the day only, but the more seriously afflicted are permitted to remain on the vessel constantly until cured. it with his mark. Then I daubed some scalthe money, Jo, I said, 'this is a free coun- as he got to his laundry.

until cured.

Rudyard Kipling said at the inquiry in London that the hospital conditions in South Africa were "unspeakable" and then went on and talked for two hours about them. That is like the nominating orator who says: "You all know this man" and immediately proceeds to tell you four columns about him. try.' "Much blige,' said Jo, 'you dlop in launly some time, I set 'em up.' "Me Lepublican Allee Time."

umns about him.

It is the law in Maine that the bounty for bears shall be paid when the animal's nose is shown. In New Hampshire the ears must be exhibited. Some enterprising sportsmen living near the borders of the two states get a double bounty by collecting on the noses in one state and on the ears in the other.

From Source of the Delegative of Source of the Research of the Collegative of the Research of t

self and all the rest.

ars in the other.

Prof. Stuart of the University of Sydney.
Australia. has made an artificial larynx or a man who lost the use of that portion of his anatomy through disease and has necessfully inserted the same in its proper place. The new larynx can be so regulated as to make the valce sorgano, tenor, con-"It was something to make you laugh or Talto or bass at the will of the owner.

The massive gold cup presented to the sity of Dublin by Queen Victoria in commemoration of her recent visit is of gold hroughout, weighs 100 ounces and stands we feet three inches in height. The sedestal is of black marble, inlaid with fold. The depth of the cup itself is eighten inches and the circumferences of the im three feet. him on a front seat at one of these meetings, his face as keen as that of a pointer dog 'standing' a prairie chicken, waiting for a chance to applaud. At the faintest sign of a cheer or a hand clap Jo would hands together and yell 'hullah' till he happy as that of an angel when the unsteady gleams of the kerosene torches gave

the accusation.

According to the latest studies of Prof. De Sanctis of Turin, children begin to dream before their fourth year, but are unable to recall dreams before the age of 5. This age, he concludes, is that at which a child first becomes instinctively conscious of self. Aged people dream less frequently and less vivility than the young. Women's dreams are more frequent, more vivid and better remembered than those of men.

That somewhat prevalent slang term. you a good sight of it. "On election day Jo got up at 5 in the morning and went over to wake Schrager That somewhat prevalent sizing term, lobster, is alleged to be at least repectable in age. John Adams, in his argument in defense of the British soldiers on rial for murder because of complicity in he "Boston massivere," mentions the word lobster," as one of the epithets applied by he citizens to the soldiers. The use of the efficiency shown by a Bostonian interested \$\mu\$; is an applied to a soldier has been shown by a Bostonian interested \$\mu\$; is an applied to a soldier has been shown by a Bostonian interested \$\mu\$; is an applied to a soldier has been shown by a Bostonian interested \$\mu\$; is an applied to a soldier has been shown by a Bostonian interested \$\mu\$; is an applied to a soldier has been shown by a Bostonian interested \$\mu\$; is an applied to be at least repeated by a justice of the bright yellow dogskin gloves and held his reins up right under his chin. It was the been shown by a Bostonian interested \$\mu\$; is an applied to a soldier has been shown by a Bostonian interested \$\mu\$; is an applied to a soldier has been shown by a Bostonian interested \$\mu\$; is an applied to a soldier has been shown by a Bostonian interested \$\mu\$; is a least of the bright sale of the peace in our sitting room. There was no him drive a horse. In the evening he went has constant the peace of the peace in our sitting room. There was no him the second that when the justice said. Do you Jo Wing Fong? Jo proudly. Me gete devorce, pay flouteen the subject to have been found as far back. the subject to have been found as far back-

"'Hullah Jo Wing Fong, Melican man vote lepublican ticket stlaight all a time! Became a "Melican" Man in Earnest and he cried. 'My tleat. Ev'lybody step up. "They all cheered him and drank with him and he sang 'Lankee Doodle,' and it was a great night for Fremont and China. Joins the Fire Department. "Some days after this Jo took it into his

send that to still further carry out his plan of becoming a 'Melican man' he ought to join the fire department, so he went around to the engine house (hand engine). and found the man that polished the brass and took care of the hook and ladder, and made his application. The man told him all right and in a week or so Jo astonished the natives by marching down street in the asked the New York man in a gefferal way red shirt and white cotton gloves which constituted the main portion of a Fremont

fireman's uniform. "In those days the town had one fire bell an ancient ringer that had been discarded by a church because it was cracked. It was mounted at the top of a scaffolding shaped like the pedestal of Liberty in the harbor lence that follows so bold and unexplained here and the rope hung down almost to the a declaration and finally the Fremont man ground where even a child could reach it. The plan was, of course, that the fellow who discovered a fire should rush to the bell

"One night about 10 o'clock that bell began ringing as though it had just heard of that he says would certainly have provet cut his hair and his clothes were the latest the Chicago fire. There was no tolling to it, but just 'cling-clang-cling-clang,' like the bells on a city ambulance. Most of the town tumbled out of bed and came rushing to the place. There they saw Jo Wing Fong attempt to tell you how he pronounced pulling the rope frantically and yelling like

> " 'Where's the fire, Jo?' came in a breathless chorus. "'Ain' no flia.' said the Chinaman, dropping the bell rope. 'Stlange man beatee me

> out two bit laundry bill; lun away like devil. I lingee bell, callee p'lice allee samee Mel-"Well, 10 o'clock was pretty late at night

to be rung out of bed in Fremont by a fool "Jo was the only Chinaman in town and Chinaman, but somebody in the crowd everybody humored him. I got him a na- laughed and that's how it ended, except that turalization application blank and he signed the hoseman did spray the 'Melican man' a little as he trotted gravely down the street ing wax on it and stamped it. 'Never mind and called out to him to iron himself as soon

His Courtship with Bridget. "The next step in the civilization was his

romance. His laundry was next door to the New York hotel, and among the help there "After this Jo Wing Fong became the was Bridget O'Doolihan, or words to that chief object of interest in Fremont. Of effect, with pink cheeks, blue eyes, towaley course everybody heard that he had been hair and a blarney. She began by using the 'naturalized.' The democrats tried to con- blarney on Jo, and then she went further vert him to Hancock, but he said 'me lepub- and used here eyes, and finally she promised lican allee time,' and he was. A German to marry him. I don't suppose there was friend of his pamed Schrager taught him ever a lover, native or foreign-born, who Yankee Doodle' and the 'Star Spangled took himself more seriously than Jo did at Banner,' and he used to sing them in a this decidedly American turn in his affairs. voice like a Chinese fiddle at republican When he sprinkled water on his washing ratification meetings to the great joy of him- through his teeth he looked as solemn as one of the fountain lions that sends a big stream from its iron lips, and the minute cry, you don't exactly know which, to see anybody tried to joke with him he'd look pained and turn away.

"He got some remarkable ideas about the duty which he and Bridget owed to Fremont society. One day my wife heard a knock while at work in the kitchen, and when she turn in and stamp his feet and heat his opened the door there stood Jo and his fiancee. Jo explained what every gossip in A broker in New York called a brother broker a flar, which was a violation of the broker a flar, which was a violation of the rules. But he carefully protected himself, as he supposed, by the qualification "before 10 and after 2 o'clock"—that is to say, outside of business hours. The governors promptly suspended both members. A for calling B a flar and B for provoking the accusation. the front ranks and his face shone out as to his 'Melican lady flin's' and see what could be done.

"'What's your opinion of the matter?' my wife inquired of Bridget.

"'I think the mon's right,' she replied. 'The hotel's no place fer the likes o' me shortly after the wedding and didn't see Jo up to go and vote. Schrager wouldn't get | wid every one knowin' I'm about to marry | Wing Fong again for two years. Then one up then and Jo sat on the porch three | wid this young haythen,' and she slyly day as I was returning to town I met him

into the biggest saloon in town and pounded litively refused to take Bridget for his wed-man."

OMAHA MERVOUS CHRONIC &

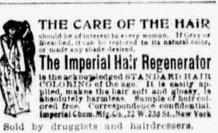
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The Fremont man having a pretty tact at the effective in ending a story, paused here. After a moment's allence somebody asked: And what was the finishing touch " "Well, I moved away from Fremont

ing of exhaustion and dizziness. Genuine bears name Honsvonn's on wrapper.